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# Correspondences

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## CORRESPONDENCES

They think lies are just curly clichés  
and when so many are curled  
blondely around a body, that's  
just a personality, perhaps even of a  
friend. Or that's a huge meat  
sandwich or a rose and if they fall all over it it's  
wet. If those aren't tears, you're supposed to call it rain.  
You are thinking you are roses or blonde  
or both, it's the nice warm air of  
January in which Snow, the Lie,  
is sliding from tricky roofs like your friends  
are from you. Then the next day it's zero-gray  
and hard and everyone is happy to fall  
in different perfect pieces  
whitely on the world and cover it. But you are  
roses, or blonde, and must lie in silence beside  
your own phone like a 160-lb. deep image  
with ears so anhydrous they respond to no human bell, like  
a mailman so pledged to his profession he  
never receives messages, always hears hi from Chicago  
behind his back, or dearest from Phoenix,  
as toward the next house  
he does not open the next letter. Aching  
you are from crying to the summer to peel  
away your hot beauty lie by lie-leaving  
you open and blonde to them again.